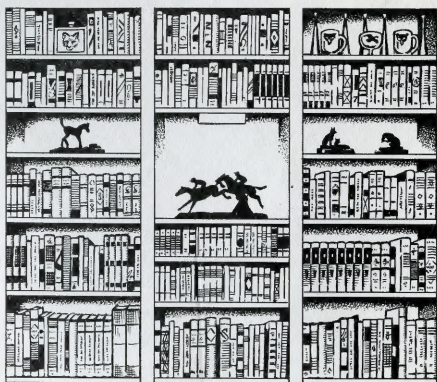


The Sportsman at El Monte





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THE SPORTSMAN AT DEL MONTE.

BY CHARLES W. HIBBARD.

ILLUSTRATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

In this little volume I have attempted to describe to lovers of the rod and gun in a plain and practical manner a few of the many varieties of sport to be found within easy reach of the Hotel del Monte in the County of Monterey, California.

Owing to the number of subjects treated, and the vast extent of territory covered, it is impossible to describe in detail the exact location of "wild game haunts" or pools where trout abound; for, even should the entire contents of this book be devoted to a pen picture of the beautiful Carmel River and Valley alone, in the end the half would yet remain untold.

Whatever other faults it may possess, upon its pages the crime of exaggeration has no place; for a more ready pen than mine would fail should it attempt to faithfully portray the glories of the Bay of Monterey, the enchanting loveliness of field and stream, or the matchless grandeur of mountain scenery which lies within this sportman's paradise.

The accompanying illustrations of fish and game are faithful reproductions, and many of them were photographed on the spot, while those of field and stream will serve to convey some idea of the character of the hunting-grounds and the beauties of the trout streams.

The map has been prepared with care, and shows the course of streams, roads, trails, and also farm-houses where accommodations can be had. That it may prove of value and a reliable guide to visiting sportsmen is the earnest wish of

THE AUTHOR.

THE SPORTSMAN.

It is said that poets are born, not made. It may truly be said that the sportsman must be both born and made; that he is the result of evolution, or, rather, the product of education. I doubt if in all this land there can be found a true sportsman who does not possess, in a large degree, both a liberal education and the many attributes that constitute a true gentleman. By education I do not mean college teachings altogether, but rather a familiarity with Nature's open book, a knowledge of animal life, the habits and haunts of game; to know the shrubs and trees and flowers; and, above all, to have within the heart that wealth of gentleness and kindness that can only come from constant association with Nature in all her varying moods.

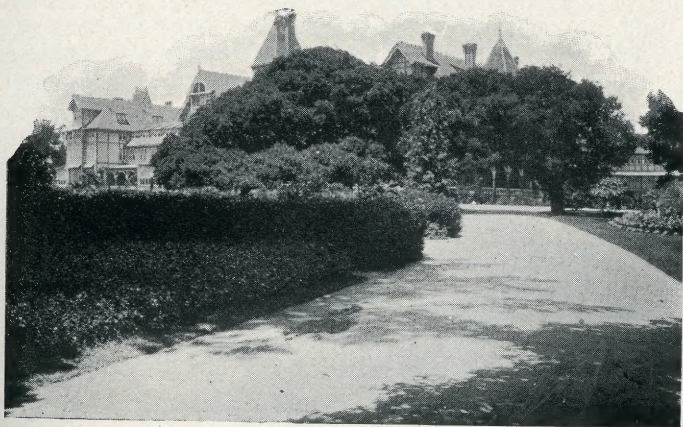
It is education that teaches the sportsman to kill in moderation in the open season, and to spare, during periods of reproduction, the old and young that are as incapable of self-protection as they are unfit for food. A man may be born with a true love for the woods, with a passion for brilliant flowers and sunny skies, but it is the possession of knowledge born of his education that makes him lower the rifle which has involuntarily covered the graceful forms of the mother deer and her spotted fawn, and leads him to return the fingerlings to the stream rather than add to the numbers in his creel, of which otherwise he might boast but not expose.

There exists an unnecessary bitterness between the veteran sportsman who kills his birds upon the wing and the youth who pots with a single shot all he may upon the ground. The veteran vehemently vows that no sportsman would kill in such a manner, while the youth retorts that no sportsman exists who does not shoot his game upon the ground if he be unsuccessful otherwise.

In a measure both are wrong. Perhaps most of us can remember our early experiences with the old muzzle-loading shotgun, or army musket, when we laboriously crept upon a bevy of unsuspecting quail and fired a handful of shot into their midst. Our joy and subsequent boasting were only measured by the numbers slain. Later, when thrown in contact with more skilful shots, we grew ashamed to acknowledge that

our game was always killed while motionless, and thenceforward spent our leisure hours in practising our skill upon moving objects.

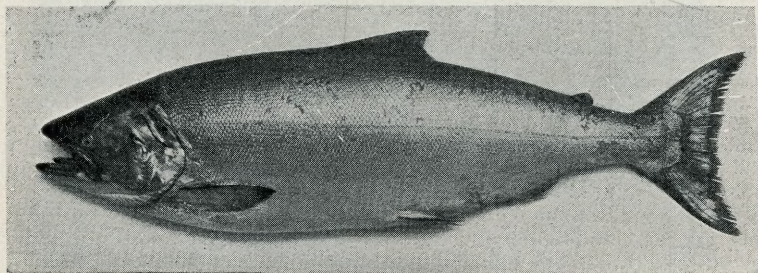
There is no doubt that, in proportion to the whole, the number of "pot-hunters" is less than of yore, and that the army of sportsmen is slowly but surely increasing. This increase is, no doubt, due to a wider distribution and more general use of trained hunting-dogs in the pursuit of small game. There is nothing that will so quickly and effectually convert a hardened "ground-sluicer" into a genuine wing shot as a few weeks shooting over a well-broken dog. The possession of such a one will soon teach the novice that his opportunities for ground shots are almost entirely eliminated from the program, as he is seldom aware of the whereabouts of his bird until pointed, and it is rarely, if ever, seen until flushed. He soon realizes that in order to obtain a decent bag he must attain the skill necessary to "grass" his game while on the wing. Once it is achieved, he looks with contempt upon the man who fires at sitting birds. Better a dozen birds staunchly pointed and cleanly retrieved than ten times the number slaughtered by unsportsmanlike methods.



VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

ATTRACTIONS FOR SPORTSMEN AT MONTEREY.

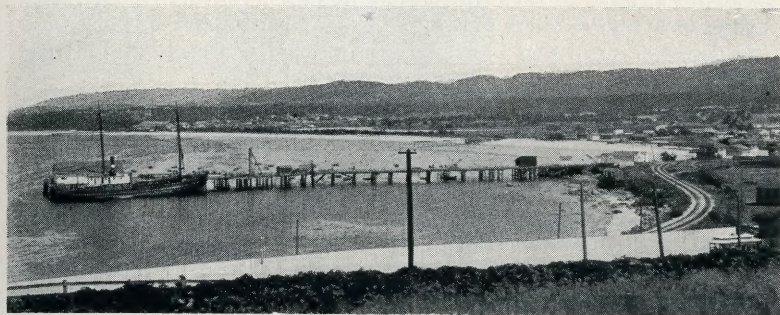
California, with its immense territory and varied climate, offers attractions to the sportsman which cannot be surpassed in any other part of the Union. In almost every portion of this great State some class of interesting sport may be enjoyed; but nowhere upon the Pacific Coast can be found grouped together in a limited area so many varieties of fish and game as are offered to the guests of the Hotel del Monte. Pages have been written describing the magnificence of the hotel, the beauties of its grounds, and the excellence of its cuisine; but, few among the lovers of rod and gun are aware that this enchanted spot lies in the very heart of a sportsman's paradise. The Bay of Monterey, lying within a stone's throw of the hotel grounds, contains, according to the scientist, more varieties of fish than any other body of water on the Pacific Coast. Many of these offer to the angler sport of the highest quality, and his skill will be sorely tested ere he successfully lands some of the forty-pound quinnat salmon, or a few of the hard-fighting yellow-tails, with which it abounds. The adjacent streams are teeming with delicious trout, and upon the surrounding wooded hills may be found an abundance of game both large and small.



QUINNAT SALMON.

THE QUINNAT SALMON.

Among the many pastimes afforded the sportsman at Del Monte there are none perhaps more fascinating than that of salmon fishing, and



LONG WHARF AT MONTEREY.

for the benefit of those who have never had the opportunity of indulging in this royal sport, I will briefly describe the necessary tackle and the method of using it.

Provide yourself with a stiff-jointed rod (split bamboo preferred) about eight feet in length, with large standing-guides so that the line may run freely; next, about six hundred feet of the best eighteen or twenty-one cuttyhunk line; then a good multiplying reel of the proper size; next, an 8-o salmon-hook attached to a piece of strong linen line three feet long and about twenty-one thread in size; and just above the hook place a double swivel sinker weighing from one-quarter to one-half pound.

The early morning hour is the best for salmon-fishing, and you cannot be in your boat a moment too soon after the first rays of light are reflected upon the water. Seating yourself in the stern of the boat you clear your tackle for action, while the boatman, with long-sweeping strokes, sends your light craft skimming over the glassy surface of the bay. Great bars of crimson light are thrown across the eastern sky,

heralding the coming of the king of day. The fisherman's wharf, surrounded by scores of boats, is fast left behind; spiral columns of fleecy smoke spring straight up into the sky from a few houses in the little town of Monterey beyond, but in most of them the inmates are still wrapped in peaceful slumber. To the right, a long, curving stretch of white foam shows where the water breaks upon the beach, while from the forest of green that lies close upon its border, a mass of towering gables marks the location of the Hotel del Monte.

A half mile has been covered ere the boatman calls your attention to an object upon the water which resembles the shadow of a passing cloud. It is a school of sardines, he tells you, upon which the salmon feed, and in all probability the objects of your search are near at hand. Over goes your line, and you let out thirty or forty yards, and then await developments. Several minutes have passed when there is a vicious tug upon the bait, and you have "struck" your first salmon. Following the advice of the boatman you "hold up" the fish, or give him line when he demands it, and reel in the slack when the strain has ceased, until at last tired out, completely exhausted by his game battle against superior odds, he is brought to gaff, and at your feet lies one of the noblest specimens of the salmon family. As a shaft of sunshine falls aslant his silver sides, and he gives a last expiring gasp, you gaze almost with pity upon his dying struggles; but the sporting instinct soon takes the place of sentiment, and you are again intent upon another capture.

Salmon usually make their appearance in the Bay of Monterey in early spring or summer, remaining until late fall. These runs are attended with considerable irregularity, the fish sometimes coming in vast numbers during the winter months, their appearance being regulated by the run of sardines, which, with the squid, is the principal food of the salmon as well as other large species of fish in the bay.

These sardines appear in countless numbers, remaining sometimes for a period of two or three months, and during this time fish of various kinds may be taken, sardines being used for bait. The professional fisherman invariably uses a hand line, but those fishing for pleasure find the use of the rod not only the most enjoyable but the most sportsmanlike method of capture.



GROUP OF SALMON.

The average number of salmon taken to one boat during the height of the season, in half a day's fishing, is from four to six, although as many as fifteen have in some instances been recorded. The salmon food in Monterey Bay seems to be increasing rather than decreasing, and in consequence for the last two or three years scarce a month has passed during which salmon have not been present in sufficient numbers to afford fair sport for the angler.

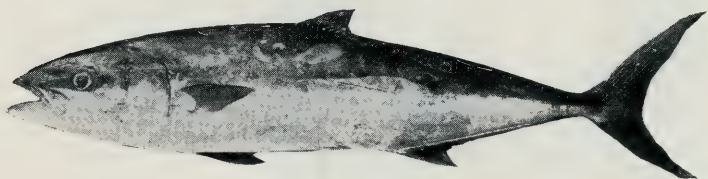
The salmon of Monterey Bay vary in size from nine to forty pounds, twenty pounds probably being about the average. As food fish they are considered far superior to those taken in the Sacramento River. This deteriora-

tion in flavor is due to their changed habits while in fresh water, and is readily noticeable to the epicure.

THE YELLOW-TAIL.

The following description of a battle with a twenty-five pound yellow-tail is taken from an article which appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* under the date of March 14, 1897:

“ Click, click, buzz, whir-r-r, went my reel, and out went the line with lightning speed, cutting like a knife the blue waters of the bay, forty, sixty, seventy-five yards! I had struck a fish, a large one, evi-



YELLOW-TAIL.

dently. I tried to put on the drag; a skinned knuckle was the result. I at last succeeded in stopping his mad rush, but only for a second, when, without warning, he was off again and the reel playing a merry tune. When scarce ten yards of line was left he suddenly “sounded” in about five fathoms of water. Carefully my boatman approached the spot, while the slack line was reeled in with the utmost care, as I was anxious to recover as much of it as possible before the next dash, for another such would mean disaster to my tackle. We were at last almost over where he was sulking on the bottom, and, being fully prepared, I gave a gentle upward pressure on the rod when, like a flash, he wheeled and cut directly under the boat. At that moment my line fouled, and it was with a groan of despair that I saw that beautiful bamboo rod bend almost double and the tip disappear in the crest of a wave. (The tackle was the highly valued property of a friend, and I had received it accompanied with many admonitions for its safety.) The boatman, however, was equal to the occasion, and whipped the stern of our craft around so suddenly that I was thrown violently backward under the

seat, but the rod was saved, and, fortunately, the upset cleared the line, and in a very few moments I was again master of the situation.

“The fish now apparently followed the bottom, and although his rushes were not as long as at first, they were more frequent, the rests occupying usually but two or three seconds. Remembering my former experience, I each time felt his mouth before approaching too closely, thus giving time for retreat should he come head on. Time after time he rushed, sulked and was lifted, and went away on a mad run of thirty or forty yards, when he would stop and sulk again. For nearly an hour I battled with this King of the Deep, trying by every art I knew to force him to the surface, and at last succeeded. He stopped in about four fathoms of water and I had given him a more vicious tug than usual, when there was a slacking of the line, and without warning, like a flash of light, he broke water not ten feet from the boat. As he sprang high in air, his silvery sides gleaming like jewels in the rays of the morning sun, his huge bulk outlined against the sky showing the sharp spines and the long dorsal fin, I caught a glint of burnished gold on the dart-like tail and recognized the value of my prize, and was more than ever determined to win the battle. He rushed again and again and I was growing almost discouraged when the end came in a wholly unexpected manner. He had sulked in what I afterwards discovered was very shallow water, and through some mistake I had approached much closer than I intended, and, on reeling in my slack line, found that the tip of the rod was directly over the fish. I had scarce discovered this fact when again he broke water, and as my rod was involuntarily raised, I realized that he had less than six feet of line, and while he was still in air I determined to hold up his head if possible. As he leaped he made almost a half turn, and as he struck the water broadside, I put on every ounce of strength that the light rod would bear, endeavoring to keep his head above the water, and succeeded. The peculiar position of the hook, which was caught well back in the mouth, tended to turn him on one side for a moment, and as he swung around toward the stern, the boatman grasped the gaff, and by a swift, sure stroke, the steel was sunk deep into the body of a twenty-five pound yellow-tail.”

The Yellow-Tail may be described as follows: The upper part of the body is of a steel blue, while the lower is almost white. The caudal fin is deep yellow, from which it takes its name, while faint traces of this color are sometimes found on the dorsal fins. As will be seen by the



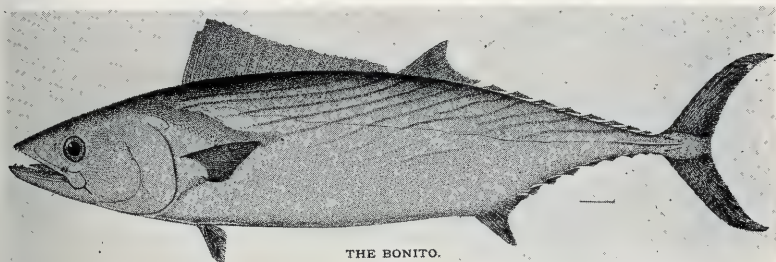
MONTEREY PEACH AND SURF.

accompanying cut, it resembles some well-known members of the mackerel family, especially in the arrangement of the anal and dorsal fins. The yellow-tail is built on finer lines than the salmon, with a head long rather than wide, body slender and tapering to the tail, which is perfectly round. The caudal fin starts almost at right angles, and owing to the peculiar shape and the arrangement of the other fins, the fish is endowed with wonderful speed and strength. The scientists give the range of the yellow-tail only as far north as the Coronado Islands, but it has for many years been taken at regular intervals at Point Conception, and has at irregular intervals appeared in the Bay of Monterey, usually during a salmon run, probably attracted by the presence of sardines and other salmon food. Their arrival is unheralded, and for sometime has taken place once in each year, their stay being of from one to three months' duration. During this time they are captured in

great numbers and are shipped to the San Francisco markets in enormous quantities, sometimes amounting to as much as seven tons per day. The tackle and bait are precisely the same as that used for salmon, and although they seldom exceed twenty-five pounds in weight, they, without doubt, possess more gameness, strength, and fighting ability than any salmon of equal size. Their actions after being struck are somewhat different, as they seldom break water more than twice, and sometimes only once, before being gaffed. Having a very hard, tough mouth, the yellow-tail, when once fairly hooked, is seldom lost, which is not true of the salmon. Owing to the softness of the mouth of the latter fish scarcely more than fifty per cent of those struck are brought to gaff.

THE BONITO.

One of the gamest fish of its size to be found in the Bay is the bonito, or skipjack. It seldom attains a weight of more than twelve pounds, but is such a vicious fighter after being struck that the capture of one is equal to that of taking another fish of almost twice its size. They make their appearance early in the summer and remain until fall. During that time they travel in schools, and may be seen in the early



THE BONITO.

morning leaping entirely out of the water, in large numbers, probably at play. They are exceedingly voracious and will bite sharply at most any kind of lure, and when once hooked break water constantly, even more so than the salmon.

THE LONG-FINNED TUNNY OR ALBICORE.

This fish, which has an exceedingly long pectoral fin, occurs in great abundance, and is known as the long-finned tunny or albacore. Concerning it Prof. Jordan writes: "This fish reaches a weight of about twelve pounds and is much shorter and deeper than the bonito of the Pacific. It is found from San Francisco southward. . . . It seldom comes within six miles of the shore and is taken by trolling. It is usually present in June and July, and disappears in the fall. It feeds on anchovies and squids, and various deep-water fish are found in its



THE ALALONGA OR LONG-FINNED TUNNY.

stomach. As a food fish it is even less valued than the bonito, seldom selling for more than twenty or twenty-five cents. It is abundant, but of little economic importance; is usually fished for by sportsmen."

THE HORSE-MACKEREL OR TUNNY.

The large tunny, or horse-mackerel it is sometimes called, has of late years made its appearance in Monterey Bay in considerable numbers, and has been a source of great annoyance to the fishermen on account of the damage it does to the nets. This fish in some waters reaches a weight of one thousand pounds, but the largest individual yet taken in the

Bay weighed but one half that amount. They usually run from two to three hundred pounds in weight. So far those captured have been

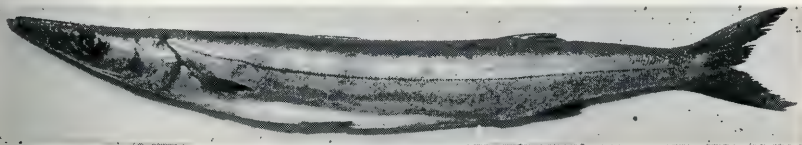


THE HORSE MACKEREL OR TUNNY.

either harpooned or entangled in the fishing nets and brought ashore drowned, but they are taken elsewhere by rod and line, and furnish in their capture a bit of the grandest sport imaginable.

BARRACUTA OR BARRACUDA.

Among the most important and best of the food fish is the Barracuta or Barracuda. It is very abundant in the summer season, and is caught usually two or three miles from shore and always by trolling. They



BARRACUTA.

usually disappear about September from Monterey, but are found further south during the entire winter. Its food is anchovies and other small

fishes. It attains a length of about three feet and a weight of ten or twelve pounds, and, although it takes the hook freely, cannot be compared in gameness with the yellow-tail or bonito.

THE PERCH OR SURF FISH.

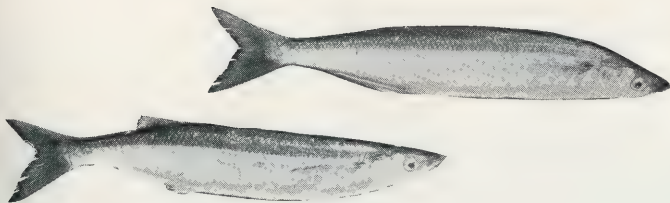
This fish, while not one that will tempt the sportsman ordinarily, might serve to while away an hour or so in a pastime that will at least be interesting. There is a score or more of these fish in the group, and most of them are found in the Bay of Monterey. Two or three of



PERCH OR SURF FISH.

these are caught in immense numbers in the surf along the edge of the bay, and may be taken by the novice as well as by one skilled in angling. Their food is sand crabs and sand fleas, the latter of which is used for bait on a plain hook. The cast is made into the white foam of the breaker just as it rolls upon the beach, and often two or three are taken at a cast where a number of hooks are used. These fish, although not particularly desirable as food fish, have a fair sale in the markets. Their weight runs from one-half pound to four pounds, and all, except one or two of the smaller varieties, are considered edible.

The beautiful colors of the various species of the surf fish cannot be excelled by any other species, and are only equaled by the rock fish.



SMELT.



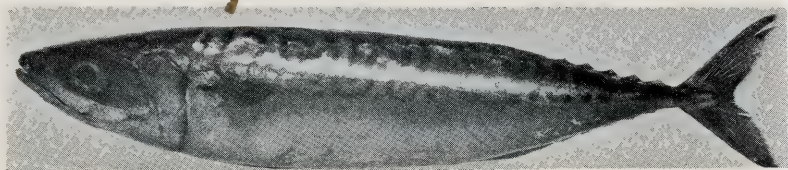
SEA BASS.



ROCK FISH.

THE MACKEREL.

Several varieties of the mackerel family are found in Monterey Bay, nearly all of which are taken by trolling, and many of them good game



MACKEREL.

fish. Besides the trolling fishes there are numberless varieties which are caught with a still line, such as the enormous sea-bass, the halibut, the false halibut, the diamond flounder, the starry flounder, and two or three members of the sole family, a dozen or so of the rock fish with their wonderful and brilliant tints, herrings, shad, smelt, and dozens of other varieties too numerous to mention.

THE ANGLER.

No more appropriate introduction can be given to the subject than the following lines, entitled "Ye Merry Angler," from the pen of the late E. McD. Johnstone:

"YE MERRY ANGLER.

"It is possible that there may be in this world, souls so sordid that they never rise to any glow of enthusiasm over this very old and enticing pastime, but there certainly cannot be many. Perhaps it may be a matter of education, or natural taste, or early training, this love of angling, but every man whose boyhood was spent in the country looks back with pleasure upon his first fishing outfit.

"The true angler does not find his chief and only joy in the bare fact that he can slaughter so many dozen fish per diem. He must take a gen-

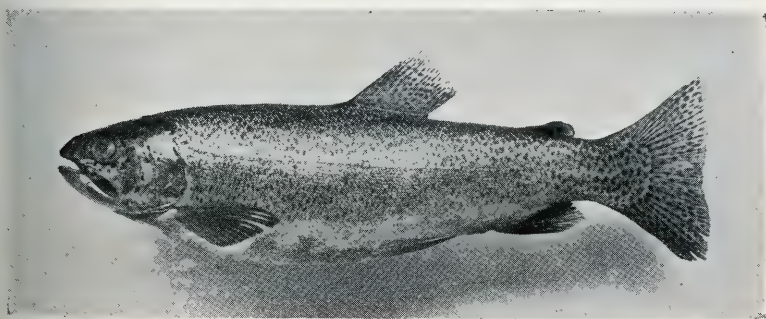
uine pleasure in Nature's various moods. He of all others will discover that she is very shy and modest, hiding away in her secret places much of her choicest handiwork, and he who finds must seek. He must have an open eye for the minutiae as well as the mighty in her works.

"Strange flowers and ferns cluster about the roots of old trees along the brooks as they do not elsewhere. There are cool, dark grottoes, vine-trestled and luxuriant, which one ray of sunlight bursting through the fretted vault of green transforms into miniature realms of glory.

"Every dewdrop is a gem, every vine a diadem. You may scare the eagle from its eyrie on the cliff, and he will show you in his heavenward rising cycles how puny a creature you are without wings."

THE CARMEL AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

To no waters in this State are the above lines more applicable than to the trout streams of Monterey. Not only do "strange flowers cluster about the roots of old trees," but the banks for miles on either side are lined with brilliant blossoms of every hue, and of such great variety that



RAINBOW TROUT.

only a studied botanist would dare attempt their classification. Especially is this true of the Carmel River, one of the best-known streams in the County of Monterey. This stream has its source high up in the

Coast Range Mountains, and has a fishing length of almost sixty-five miles before its waters empty into Carmel Bay, a short distance from the old Mission of that name. The lower ten miles of the river, as it flows through a rather level stretch of country, does not afford as good fishing as its upper waters or some of its tributaries.

Ten miles up the Carmel Valley from the mouth of the river lies the Laureles Ranch, the property of the Pacific Improvement Company, covering an area of 12,000 acres. For the accommodation of the sportsman guests of the Del Monte this vast tract of land has for several



LAURELES RANCH HOUSE.

years been carefully preserved, and in consequence is liberally stocked with an abundance of fish and game. It is maintained as a branch of the Del Monte, and although the long, low, lodge-like building bears no resemblance to the magnificence of the former hostelry, its interior is provided with every comfort and convenience that the most fastidious could desire.

The long veranda, ornamented with trailing vines and crimson roses, forms an ideal resting spot for the weary sportsman upon his return

from a day in the field or along the streams. There, tilted back in an open rocker to the point of danger, feet elevated beyond the height of dignity, the fragrant (?) old brierwood aglow, stories of wonderful shots, mighty bucks, and monster trout, are told and retold, each time with added detail, until Morpheus demands unconditional surrender.

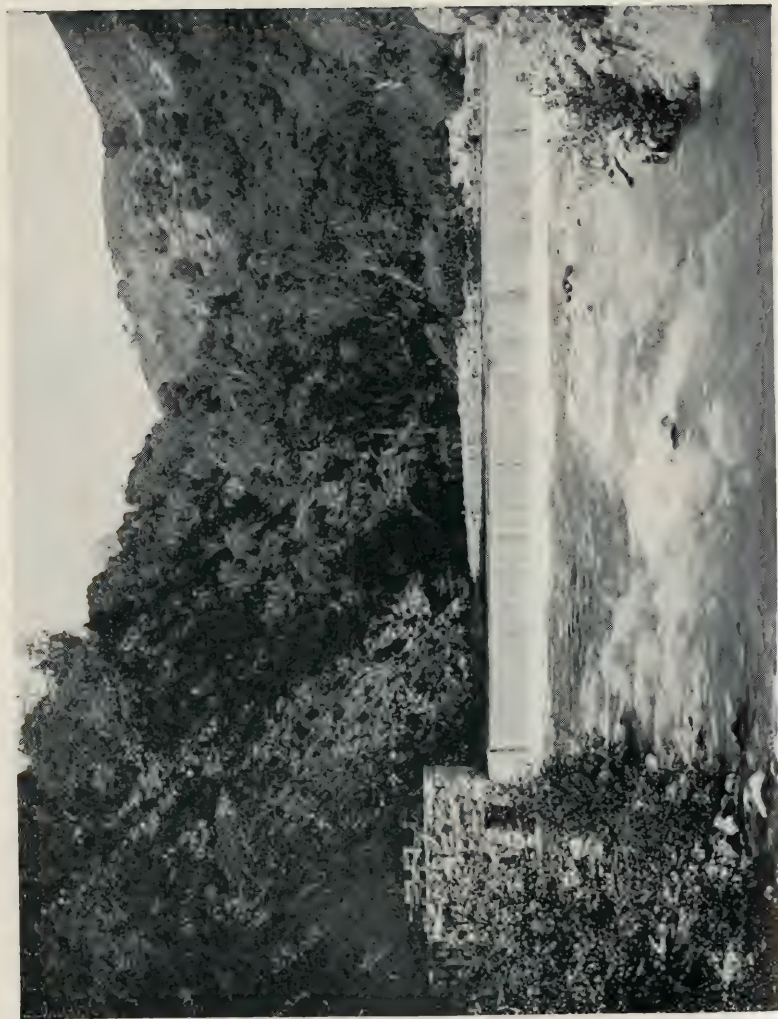
The first tributary of the Carmel River leads in from the south, and is known as the Potrero, a small, early stream scarcely considered by local anglers. The next, Garcia Creek, has its confluence with the river on the Laureles Ranch, directly opposite the house. This is also protected by the Pacific Improvement Company for the use of guests, and is a delightful stream to whip, the fish being of fair size and very plentiful. One and one-half miles from its mouth it forks; the south branch being small, while the north is much longer and larger. On the latter, about two miles up, a fall some forty or fifty feet in height pours its limpid waters into a circular basin, and here are found big, shy, gamy trout that will try the skill of the most scientific angler before they find a resting-place within his creel.

The fishing in the Carmel grows constantly better as one proceeds upward, from the mouth of the Garcia; long, deep pools growing more plentiful, while the river bed narrows and the stream becomes more and more turbulent. At a distance of six miles the Carmel dam is reached—the point from which the water is diverted into pipes for the use of Monterey, Pacific Grove, and the Hotel del Monte.

“Twenty-five miles of iron pipe lead from the dam to the hotel; eighteen of these miles being the distance from the dam to the 147,000-000 gallon reservoir away up on the crest of the Monterey peninsula, seven miles from the hotel.

“For twelve miles from the dam the pipe is twenty inches in diameter, and for the remaining distance twelve inches. The main reservoir (there is a smaller one besides) covers thirty acres, is lined throughout with jointed and cemented granite, and is kept as scrupulously clean as the hotel itself. The water is as pure, sweet, and soft as the purest mountain water can be.”

This dam is about one hundred and forty feet in length, fifteen in width at the base, and six feet at the top, and is built of solid masonry, the material being quarried from granite found in the immediate vicinity.



CARMEL DAM.

At the north end a fishway some six feet in width and seventy feet in length has been built with a very gentle incline, the success of which



FISHWAY.

may be easily demonstrated by stealing to the elevated and dry portion of the dam and looking down into the clear depths of the pool. There, may be seen from ten to fifteen magnificent fish from one to three feet in length floating gracefully about in the crystal waters of the river.

Above the dam, some few hundred yards, is the mouth of the San Clemente, one of the Carmel's best tributaries. It has

a fishing length of seven or eight miles, and the Black Rock, which joins it three miles from the mouth, has as many more. Another stream called

the middle fork of the Black Rock, although not quite so large as the others, contains equally as many trout. Three or four miles above the dam, on the main stream, Pine Creek is found, rather short and soon fished out, but affording elegant sport during the early part of the season.

Another tributary is the Dionicio, and still farther up, and running through rugged and almost inaccessible mountains, is Miller Canyon, both of which are noted for the abundance and size of their fish. For miles above this point the Carmel may be followed, rushing and tumbling through deep gorges, in the dark shadows of which hide multitudes of delicious trout. On the north side of the Carmel, strange to say, there is but one tributary in which good fishing can be found, the Cachagua, which joins the river just above the "Syndicate Camp," a famous camping ground for sportsmen.

The length of the Cachagua is about ten miles, and although considered a splendid stream formerly, is now growing somewhat depleted, as its course is through a little settlement in the Cachagua Valley. A good wagon road follows its banks for several miles, winds around the mountain, and strikes the main county road about six miles above the Laureles.

There is another northern tributary four miles above Laureles, the Chupines Creek, formerly containing a considerable number of trout, and still having a few in its upper waters, but they are not now plentiful, as of late years the creek has been kept constantly muddy by stock. This is even more true of Tularicitos Creek, which is muddy for its entire length the year around. The exceedingly dirty condition of the water in the latter stream is partly due to the low, swampy land and lagoons through which it passes; in fact, one of its tributaries is known as "Agua Mala," which means "bad water."

A reference to the map will show a wagon road leading from the county road along the Carmel River to the dam; this, however, can only be safely driven over for the distance of a mile, when saddle horses must be taken. Pedestrians may reach the dam by crossing the river on a foot bridge at the terminus of the drive, and following the course of the pipe line which lies on the north side.

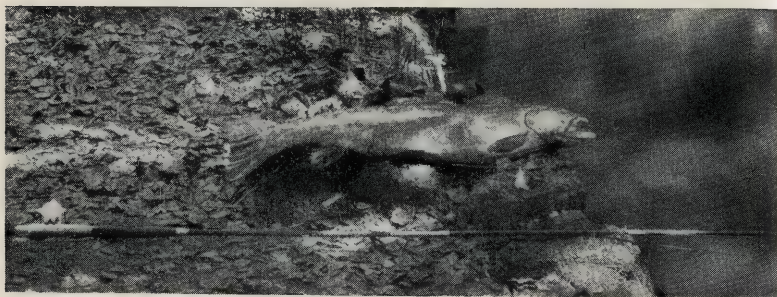
Although the tributaries of the Carmel may be fished successfully early in the season, the river, on account of the great amount of water,

CARMI BELOW DAM SHOWING ROCK WALL PROTECTING PILL



which it carries, is not usually at its best until midsummer, and, in fact, many prefer the fall fishing, as at that season the fish are much larger and the stream may be crossed at almost any point if rubber boots are worn.

Considering the beauty of the Carmel River, the abundance of its



28-INCH STEEL HEAD TROUT, CAUGHT IN CARMEL DAM, APRIL 11, 1897.

trout, the ease with which it can be reached, and the many comforts and conveniences to be found at the Laureles, it is small wonder that it is a favorite resort for anglers visiting Hotel del Monte.

A DAY WITH THE BIG TROUT OF THE CARMEL RIVER.

Having some business to transact at the Laureles Ranch, I left the Del Monte for that place on April 26, 1897, our party consisting of four, including the driver. At the time of our departure a heavy fog, which had been hanging over the Bay for several days, was still in evidence, and there was no indication that clear weather would prevail until we had crossed the high divide that lies between the Bay shore and the Carmel Valley, some five miles to the southward. Here, however, a decided change took place; the fog seemed less dense, much higher, and was, ere long, pierced by numberless shafts of sunshine, which touched the waters of the Carmel Bay with a light so brilliant, in comparison

with the surrounding shadows, that it seemed almost unreal. By the time we had fairly reached the valley and left the county road for the one leading up the river, the sun had burst forth in all its glory, and but a few high patches of fleecy vapor, sharply outlined against the deep blue of the sky, remained to tell of the bank of fog that had but a few moments before enshrouded the whole landscape. The Valley of the Carmel contains, without doubt, some of the richest and most fertile lands in the State, and the drive, at least through that portion lying below the Laureles Rancho, is one long to be remembered. The road for the entire distance follows along the foothills on the extreme northern side of the valley, giving on one side a view of finely cultivated fields, thrifty orchards,



CARMEL VALLEY.

and comfortable homes, while on the other a tangled mass of chaparral, greasewood, and sagebrush scarce serves to hide the jagged rocks that hang upon the steep hillside and sharp inclines from which the road is hewn.

Numerous gulches and drains that lead in from the hills suddenly widen out into little valleys of their own, and on these levels lie great banks of purple lupins, deep-yellow poppies, buttercups, and baby-blue-eyes in rank confusion. Shy little forget-me-nots, open-eyed yellow violets, shooting stars, harebells and larkspurs, are on either side, while clusters of white and pink morning-glories, swinging from the tops of the



GLIMPSE THROUGH THE TREES.

low scrub, nod gaily in the passing breeze, as if calling attention to their bolder beauty. The river which just now looked like a silver ribbon in the distance swings suddenly across the valley and dashes against the perpendicular wall of rock, a hundred feet beneath the roadbed; and so on, each turn bringing new beauties, until green fields and lowing herds

announce that our journey is at an end, and in a few moments we are seated upon the wide, cool veranda of Laureles.

After a hearty luncheon I prepared to visit the Carmel dam, six miles further up the river, where I was told there were some enormous fish of some kind, which could not be induced to bite. I had my own ideas about the latter statement, however, so threw into the wagon a little five and a half ounce, five joint trunk rod, a cheap affair, but of very convenient size for carrying in the country. On account of washouts, we could drive but four miles of the six, so one of my companions preceded us with three saddle horses, while the other one and myself followed with the team. After driving as far as possible, we left the latter, mounted our saddle horses, and after fording the swift river half a dozen or more times, we reached the vicinity of the dam, which presented a most beautiful picture—the water flowing over its full length and breaking into a snowy mass of foam, as it tumbled into the deep pool below.

Jointing the little rod, I arranged my tackle and selected a No. 3 spoon (known as the star-spinner), the convex side of which is silver, while the concave is striped with two bars of red and a center star. We carefully made our way around the narrow path leading to the south end of the dam (the gate-house), which at that point is eight or ten feet in width and about the same in height above the weir, or that portion over which the water is carried. In this wide and elevated part of the masonry is situated the "well," from which the big water pipe is fed, and from here we were able to look directly down into the deepest part of the pool. Crawling along almost upon hands and knees to the edge, we cautiously looked over. Ye gods, what a sight! No less than a dozen big steelhead trout, some of them apparently two feet in length, were floating lazily around, taking life easy, entirely unconscious of danger, and perhaps unconcerned, as hitherto the most tempting worm or gaudy fly, offered by local anglers, had failed to arouse their curiosity; but they little knew the proximity of that deadly red-barred spoon.

Keeping well out of sight, I reeled off a few yards of line and cast as carefully as possible, well down below them, but the current which swept strongly toward the fall, prevented the spoon from sinking to the desired depth. A leaden bullet from a twenty-two rifle cartridge attached to the leader was not sufficient, and a second was added before I could reach them.

A down stream or cross cast oft repeated, not tempting them, I made one directly up stream, and allowed the current to carry the spoon almost



STEEL HEAD TROUT CAUGHT IN
CARMEL DAM, APRIL 26, 1897.

• (29 Inches in Length.)

to the nose of the biggest fish in sight, and as I retrieved it and the glitter caught his eye he dashed after it like a mad bull. I struck him fairly, the stroke being directly upward, and as the barbed hook sank deep into the hard roof of his cavernous mouth, I became convinced that I could only lose him through some fault of my own. In less than three seconds, that fish had the entire surface of the pool churned into a white mass of foam. He would spin around in a circle, stand on his head, do flip-flops, and, in fact, accomplished a number of feats that were entirely new to me, but not once did he break water. This puzzled me considerably at first, but I finally concluded that his failure to do so, and his other strange actions, were due to my position, which was fifteen feet above and almost directly over him, and that the constant upward pressure prevented his breaking by holding up his head. I was more than ever convinced of this later, by accident-

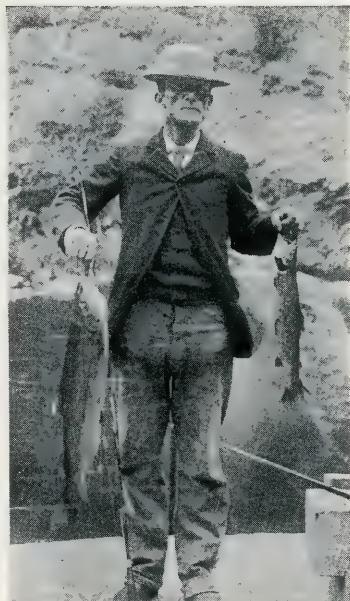
ally hooking one through the tail, as his feats of high and lofty tumbling certainly outdid anything in that line that I have ever seen before or since.

I had played the fish first mentioned for about ten or fifteen minutes, I should judge, when snap went the little rod, and the three upper joints shot down the line and into the water with a suddenness that was simply startling. It was a case of handline now, as my reel was useless, and odds of three to one on the fish. Gently working and coaxing him along

the wall toward the shore, I called my companion to bring an old iron rake which I had seen lying on the path. It had been discarded long before, and had but three teeth remaining, but I proposed to use it for a gaff, rude as it was, as there was nothing else and the banks were too steep for any other method of landing.

After repeated attempts I at last succeeded in bringing his head to the shore, and fortunately directly over a little ledge on which there was but a few inches of water. It was just at the feet of my companion, who was breathlessly waiting with up-raised weapon for just such an opportunity. As I gave the word he struck out frantically and desperately, and, with what he calls a deadly aim, but which I consider simply a bit of good luck, a single iron tooth of that improvised gaff sank deep into the head of our prize, and with a shout he was pulled ashore.

His weight that night at Laurelles was exactly six and three-fourths pounds. On the following morning, after spending an hour repairing my injured rod, I again sought the dam, determined to have revenge on some relative of the fish which had caused the damage. I arrived at eleven A. M. Pursuing the tactics of the previous day, I peered over the edge of the wall and discovered a number of large fish in about the same position as before. I made one or two down and two or three cross casts without result, but on the first one from above was rewarded by a vicious strike, and found myself fastened to a beautiful



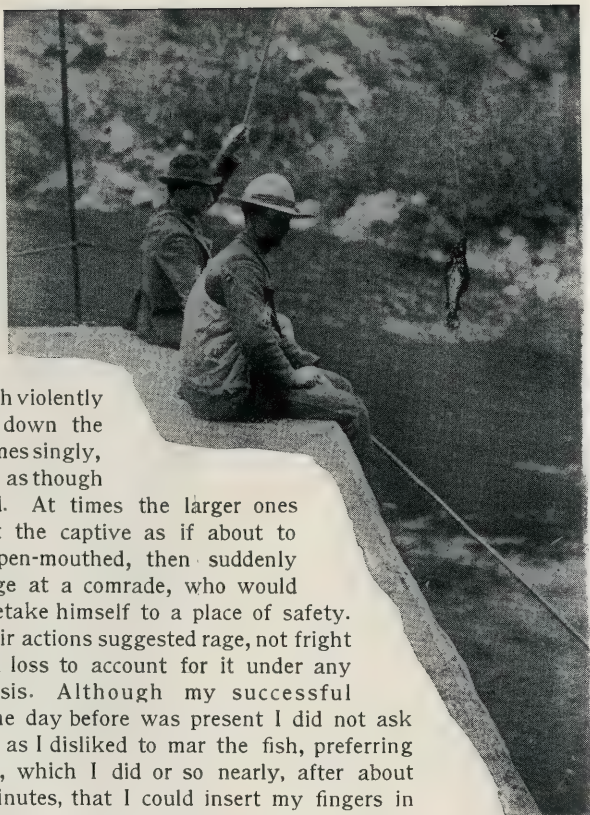
TWO STEEL HEAD TROUT CAUGHT
IN CARMEL DAM, APRIL 27, 1897.
(Length, 20 and 30 Inches Respectively.)

trout that appeared to be about a pound in weight.

During the time I was playing him the greatest excitement prevailed among the other fish in the pond.

They would dash violently first up, then down the stream, sometimes singly, then altogether as though madly enraged. At times the larger ones would rush at the captive as if about to attack him open-mouthed, then suddenly turn and charge at a comrade, who would immediately betake himself to a place of safety. Altogether, their actions suggested rage, not fright and I am at a loss to account for it under any other hypothesis. Although my successful "gaffer" of the day before was present I did not ask his assistance, as I disliked to mar the fish, preferring to drown him, which I did or so nearly, after about twenty-five minutes, that I could insert my fingers in his gills and lift him safely ashore.

Most of the large fish by this time had dropped well down the pool, and, without the slightest expectation of any favorable result, I began idly casting near a large one lying some distance away. I was throwing the spooft well behind him and drawing it swiftly past, when he suddenly darted forward and seized it as if " 'twere some



WAITING FOR
A BITE.

mortal foe." I was at the time standing in plain sight, making no attempt at concealment, and had been during the whole time, while playing the other one, walking up and down the dam in view of every fish in the pool. For this reason, also, I am inclined to believe that the strange actions of the fish were due to rage, for, if from fear, I should not have had the second strike. After a few minutes' play, during which I could see but indistinctly that I had hooked a big fellow, in making a turn he came to the surface, and I saw what appeared to be a streak of blood running down his side, but when he rose again I discovered that he was marked by the most brilliant lateral crimson stripe along either side that I had ever seen on a large fish. The coloring was almost identical with the red band upon my spoon, and began scarcely half an inch back of the eye and extended clear to the tail. I have seldom seen a small trout with a distinct color mark on the hard bones of the jaw and side of the head, even in the high altitudes, but in this case the bone was so deeply marked it seemed almost transparent.

The spectacle of that magnificently colored fish fighting viciously for his liberty in the clear waters of the Carmel River was a sight I shall not soon forget. I was so exceedingly anxious to land him that it was almost half an hour before I had him sufficiently subdued to submit to an attack from the old rake; but, as before, by "good luck" the iron tooth responded nobly and brought him ashore at the first attempt. Like the former, this fish was much larger when landed than it appeared in the water, being thirty inches in length and weighing five and three quarters pounds, while the smaller was twenty inches in length and weighed two pounds. They were, of course, very thin spent fish, and would have probably weighed, on their arrival in the stream or before the spawning season, twice as much. The red stripe on the large one faded rapidly, and by the time we had reached the hotel, seven P. M., was scarcely more noticeable than that of the smaller specimen, except upon the sides of the head, where it remained but a trifle less brilliant.

DOWN THE COAST.

There are a number of beautiful streams which empty into the Pacific south of the Carmel, all easily reached by the county road, which follows



Steel Head Trout caught in San Jose Creek by Mr. Ed Allen, April 3, 1897. (21 Inches in Length.)

the coast for a distance of forty or fifty miles. The first to be mentioned is San Jose Creek, which, with its two branches, gives twelve or fifteen miles of splendid fishing. It is distant about six miles from Monterey, and has a wagon road following its banks for several miles, thus offering many conveniences for driving parties desiring to visit the stream and return on the same day.

The coast road from this point inward affords a variety and beauty of scenery which in some spots is not excelled by the wonders of the Seventeen Mile Drive. The ceaseless action of the waves has worn the soft rock on the shore into strange fantastic shapes, into towers, turrets, and storm-scarred battlements. Long narrow promontories are undermined, and arches of every conceivable size and shape are cut entirely through the narrow necks of rock, and as skilfully done as if by the hand of a master workman. Great yawning caves and caverns appear at every turn, into whose recesses the monster waves dash with a roar like mighty thunder.

There are tiny little bays and inlets, whose waters are scarcely ruffled by the storm outside. Around these winds the road, now skirting some dizzy precipice where breakers roll a hundred feet below, then down and across some rippling brook, and out upon a level stretch of table land that ends upon a miniature sandy beach.

Another curve and we dash into the depths of a precipitous gorge whose banks are overgrown with a vegetation almost

tropical. Long festoons of swaying mosses are half hidden by broad leaves of wild thimbleberry and giant brake. Thick growing shrub of wild rose and sprout of willow are interlaced by running sweet-pea vines, dressed with clusters of pink blossoms. Upon the edge great bunches of tree lupin hang, their purple flowers standing out distinctly against the green background.

There are bold points where trees are dwarfed to shrubs, and shrubs to tiny plants, by relentless and continuous winds. There are rushing streams to cross, sharp declines to descend, and high ridges to surmount, yet, always in sight, an endless stretch of sea, a line of dazzling surf, and mighty breakers beating, ever beating, on a rockbound coast.

THE COAST STREAMS.

Coal Mine Creek, a little brook too small for description, is crossed three miles beyond the San Jose Creek, and five miles beyond that is the Soberanes, once a splendid trout stream, but now without a fish, due, the residents of that locality claim, to the creek having of late years become strongly alkaline, from what cause they do not know. One mile further on, the cozy little residence of Edward Dowd is reached, built so near the creek that a fly may be thrown into the water from the corner of his porch. This little stream also contained plenty of fish at one period, but is not stocked at present. It is but a few hundred yards however to the Garapatos, a splendid stream that may be fished for a distance of three or four miles on either fork before a high fall is reached, above which one cannot pass. Two miles further on is the Palo Colorado, a small, brushy stream; then Rocky Creek, neither of which would repay a lengthy visit; next, Bixby Creek, carrying about the same amount of water as the Garapatos, and well worth whipping.

¶ The road to Bixby's Ranch follows the course of the stream for about two miles before starting up the grade, and just before leaving the stream passes the old Bixby Sawmill, now abandoned and falling to decay. This stream has a fishing length of six or seven miles, while Serra Creek, a small tributary, may be followed for a mile or more, and early in the season will yield several good baskets.

It is now but a short distance to the famous Sur Chiquito, commonly known as the Little Sur. This river has the reputation of containing more big fish than any stream along the coast, especially in the headwaters, of either the north or south fork. It is certainly a beautiful river, pure as crystal and cold as ice, and is a favorite resort for campers, especially on the south fork near the junction of the two streams. The lower portion of both branches is too near the camp-ground to afford first-class sport, and it is only after the angler has reached the upper waters that he gains an idea of how large the trout really grow in the deep canyons of the Sur. One of the best points on the stream can be reached by a trail which leaves the north fork near the schoolhouse, winds around the side of Pico Blanco and down its eastern slope, from which place the headwaters of either the north or south fork can be reached.



OLD MILL, ON BIXBY CREEK.

Another trail leading across the north fork leaves the Bixby Ranch, as shown on the map, and terminates in the same region, the distance by either route being about the same—five or six miles. There is a famous

hot spring located on the north fork a mile and a half from the county road, and half a mile above the old mill, but accessible only during the summer months when the water in the river is low.



OLD MILL AND DAM ON LITTLE SUR.

Five miles further south is the Big Sur (or Big River), the last stream shown on the map. It has no tributaries of any size, and, with the exception of the lower four miles, flows through a rough, mountainous region, dark, deep gorges, and carries an abundance of water throughout the year. This, like the Little Sur, can be fished to the best advantage only after midsummer, and it is doubtful if in any coast stream of California can be found trout as large as can be taken from its headwaters, which can best be reached by trail from the county road. The distance to the best fishing grounds on either the Big or Little Sur, and the inconvenience attending a visit, prevents other than the most enthusiastic angler from enjoying the pleasures of the stream and the feast of magnificent scenery which abounds in that region. Guests of the Hotel del Monte desiring to visit the Big Sur may find accommodations at the

residence of Mr. Post, near the terminus of the coast road, from which point a fairly good trail leads to the best fishing ground on the river. Near the mouth of the stream is the Cooper Ranch and ranch house, and also the residence of Joseph Post, at either of which places weary travelers will not be turned adrift. On the Little Sur Mr. Joseph Gschwend will accommodate those not provided with a camping outfit, as will also Mr. Cunningham, who resides about half a mile from the river. In fact, at almost any of the comfortable ranch houses on the way travelers will be most cordially received, as the residents of that locality are noted for their open-hearted hospitality.

BY THE WAY.

When overindulgence in the chase has dulled the keen edge of sport, what more enchanting spot could be found in which to dream away the hours of a drowsy afternoon than the broad, cool veranda of the Hotel del Monte? Or, if the spirit still be restless, a score of charming spots



MOUTH OF BIG SUR.

smile out a welcome. There are the beautiful grounds surrounding the hotel, with their rare plants and flowers, all of which will repay the



VIEW ON DRIVE.

closest scrutiny. A plunge into the blue waters of the bay will be both invigorating and healthful, while a visit to the quaint old town of Monterey, with its ancient adobe buildings and numerous points of interest, will prove highly attractive. Then there is the whale fishery to visit, and Chinatown, or a stroll along the pathway which follows the beach as far as Point Pinos Lighthouse, with the added pleasure of gathering strange shells along the way. The Seventeen Mile Drive, acknowledged to be the most picturesque in America, must not be omitted. It includes Moss Beach, with its wealth of delicate mosses, Seal Rocks, Cypress Point, Pebble Beach, and other bits of scenery unsurpassed elsewhere.

DEER SHOOTING.

To the sportsman who is a lover of the rifle there is no pastime that possesses a deeper fascination than that of deer hunting. Whether listening to the melodious voices of the hounds echoing among the mountain crags, or testing his skill and experience against the sharp eye and keen scent of the most wary of all big game, there is a thrill, an elation which, once felt, is never forgotten. In no other sport are so many qualifica-

tions demanded to insure success. There must be the strong frame and tireless limbs, perfect lungs, quick eye, a deadly aim, and a knowledge of woodcraft not required in the pursuit of any other quarry. He must know intimately the habits of the game, their feeding grounds and their watering places, and possess a skill with the rifle not attained at the target range. There are but few successful deer hunters among the many followers of the sport, for the reason that but few are willing to give that amount of study to the subject that is absolutely necessary to favorable results. The years required to complete a college or professional course, if devoted to the almost constant pursuit of this noble game, would but suffice to demonstrate to the hunter his lack of knowledge, and show how unfavorably his boasted intellect compared with what he is pleased to call animal instinct. The novice may violate every rule and precept laid down for the guidance of the hunter, and still be fortunate enough to secure a prize, but such an occurrence is a lucky blunder, and seldom repeated.

Ordinarily, the sportsman in seeking favorable hunting grounds must leave civilization far behind, but occasionally there are exceptions to this rule, and splendid sport can be had almost within the corporate limits of a little village or upon the boundaries of some popular watering place.

Strange as it may seem, fairly good deer shooting can often be found within a mile of the Hotel del Monte, upon the wooded side of the high ridge directly south. Numbers of deer are killed there each year, and still the supply seems undiminished. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that upon the Pacific Improvement Company's reservation, which contains some seven thousand acres, no shooting is allowed, and in consequence the deer multiply in undisturbed security. To reach the location mentioned they have but to cross the county road leading from Monterey toward the Carmel Valley, their runway being almost at the summit of the ridge and near the gate opening into the Seventeen Mile Drive. Were it not for this preserve it is doubtful if deer would often be seen in that locality. Though sportsmen are debarred from entering

the reservation, the deer knows no boundary, and with a few swift leaps reaches a domain where any respectable sportsman may shoot at will.

This ridge is the high divide lying between the Carmel Valley and the county road leading from Monterey to Salinas, and, aside from the overflow of game from the reservation, is itself well adapted for their protection and increase. It is well watered, and while the side facing the south is open and has plenty of feed, the north is heavily wooded; all combining to make a most perfect breeding ground. This ridge is miles in length, reaching far beyond the Laureles Ranch.

Deer may be found fairly plentiful in the mountainous regions surrounding almost any of the waterways near Monterey, but it is upon the



VIEW OF MONTEREY—CARMEL HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

Laureles Ranch that the best shooting must be looked for. In response to a general demand from sportsmen the Pacific Improvement Company has decided to open this vast tract of land for the accommodation of their guests, and as no shooting of consequence has been done upon the property for several years, those paying a visit to that point will certainly be rewarded with the finest of sport. There are deer to be found about the sources of the San Jose, Soberanes, Dowd's Creek, and in fact all the streams emptying into the coast in that direction. The land in that vicinity is all held in large tracts, and although precipitous in places can be ridden over on horseback generally. There is an absence of the hard-

ship attending deer hunting in heavily wooded districts, as here the cover is low and still-hunting practised almost exclusively; in fact, dogs are never used except for the purpose of tracking crippled game. Perhaps the most famous localities for big game, and the places where it can be found in the greatest abundance, are in the forks of the Little Sur, above Pico Blanco, and along the canyons leading into the Big Sur, a few miles above where the stream is crossed by the coast road. These sections are rarely visited by sportsmen, and the only shooting done is by the mountaineers and ranchers, who kill barely enough to supply their own immediate wants. In consequence, deer are exceedingly plentiful, and the sportsman who can avail himself of the time required to visit this game section will certainly be well rewarded.

THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

California, in addition to her many other attractions, may boast the possession of one of the strongest flying game bird to be found in the Union, namely the Valley Quail. No bird is possessed of greater elusive instinct than this innocent appearing little dweller of the foothills, with the cunning of a fox and the speed of a bullet. He is found in almost every portion of the State (except in the mountainous regions), in the foothills, the valleys, and along the water-courses, and the sportsman who can successfully bring to bag a fair percentage of these swift-flying birds in a day's shoot may deem himself fortunate indeed.

Within a mile of the Del Monte grounds begins the great sagebrush belt that extends through the County of Monterey and into Southern California. This is the natural home of the Valley Quail, and in almost every section where sagebrush is found, there, also, the quail will be in greater or less abundance. On either side of the county road leading from Monterey to Salinas they can be found, and are especially plentiful in the Valley of the Coral de Tierra.

The Carmel hills, on the south side, are particularly adapted to good shooting, as the cover is short, with numerous gulches and plenty of water. The best grounds to be found along the Carmel Valley are the rolling hills of the Laureles, and beyond for a distance of several miles.

The birds here congregate in immense bevvies, and the sportsman may be assured of finer shooting than can be had at any other place in the county. These grounds have the disadvantage of not being level, but possess a decided advantage over the plains, from the fact that the weather is never extremely warm, and both men and dogs may hunt during the hottest portion of the day without serious discomfort. Good



VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN QUAIL.

shooting grounds may also be found all along the coast road as far as the Big Sur, but beyond that point the country is too mountainous for success.

The Mountain Quail is found in the higher altitudes, but not in sufficient numbers, usually, to tempt the sportsman.



WIDGEON.

WATER FOWL.

This region cannot boast as great an abundance of water fowl as some other portions of the county, but fair bags of ducks can always be made in season in the numerous little lakes that lie along the line of the railroad for several miles out from Del Monte Station; also at the Laguna Seco, on the Salinas road. Still better sport can be had at Dry Lake, in the Coral de Tierra Valley, and other feeding grounds in the vicinity. The birds found in this section are usually of the following varieties: teal, widgeon, sprig, canvas-back, and mallard.

WILD PIGEONS.

These birds appear in countless numbers each fall on all the wooded ridges surrounding Monterey, where they feed upon the acorns until early spring, when they seek the fields of newly sown grain. At times they appear in such immense flocks they become a positive pest to the farmer. At this period the shooting is most enjoyable, and the line of their flight to and from the feeding grounds once found, they may be

killed in large numbers, bags of from twenty-five to fifty not being unusual.

The large grainfield surrounding the old Block house, just west of Monterey, is a favorite spot for pigeons, and many fine bags are made there just after the grain is planted.

DOVES.

Doves in season are plentiful all through this section, along the Carmel Valley, on the Salinas road, and among the grainfields. In the field previously mentioned, near the Block house, there is good shooting after the grain is harvested, and it has been the scene of many a pleasant day's shoot.



MALLARD.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION.

The trip from San Francisco to Del Monte is one of exceeding interest, the route being through some of the most fertile and highly cultivated lands in the State. Passing thrifty villages and lovely suburban homes, the train enters the valley of the Santa Clara, through the Garden City, through Pajaro Canyon, the towns of Pajaro, Castroville, and on to Del Monte. The distance is 125 miles, and the time required for the trip 4 hours. Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets twice each day. The fare for a single trip is \$3.00 each way, but an excursion ticket may be secured, good from Friday until Tuesday, for the moderate sum of \$4.50 for the round trip.

Anglers wishing to engage boats and tackle for bay fishing may make all arrangements by telephone from the hotel with Mr. Emanuel Duarte of Monterey. The rate for boats will be as follows:

For one passenger one-half day.....	\$3.00
“ “ “ whole “	5.00
“ two passengers (one boat) one-half day.....	5.00
“ “ “ “ whole “	7.50

This charge includes the services of a first-class boatman, who is also a competent fisherman. Mr. Duarte, who has spent most of his life on the waters of Monterey Bay, is thoroughly familiar with its every phase, and will be found trustworthy and reliable, and will do all in his power to oblige those desiring his services.

Connected with the hotel is a splendid livery service, which will be placed at the disposal of sportsmen at an exceedingly moderate rate. Parties engaging teams for shooting or fishing excursions will be placed in charge of competent drivers who are thoroughly familiar with the country and the best places for obtaining good sport.

The Laureles Ranch is connected by telephone with the Hotel del Monte, which will enable parties to secure accommodations, saddle horses, etc., in advance.

Simultaneously with the publication of this book and thenceforward the Hotel del Monte will be conducted on the European plan. Visitors may secure rooms at the rate of \$1.00 per day, and upwards, and dine in the magnificent grill room, just completed, a la carte.

GAME AND FISH LAWS OF CALIFORNIA.

Sportsmen will do well to make a note of the following quotations from the Game Laws of California, placing certain limitations on their right to kill or have in possession, as follows:

- | | | |
|---------------------|---|--|
| Valley Quail | } | May be killed from October 1st to March 1st of the following year. |
| Bob White | | |
| Partridge | | |
| Wild Duck | | |
| Rail | | |
| Mountain Quail | } | May be killed from September 1st to February 15th of the following year. |
| Grouse | | |
| Doves | } | May be killed from July 15th to February 15th of the following year. |
| | | |
| Male Deer | } | May be killed from July 15th to October 15th. Sale of meat and hides prohibited. |
| | | |
| Female Deer | } | Killing prohibited at all times. |
| Spotted Fawn | | |
| Antelope | | |
| Elk | | |
| Mountain Sheep | | |
| | | Robins |
| | | Humming Birds |
| | | All Song Birds |
| Mongolian Pheasants | } | Killing unlawful for three years from March 27th, 1895. |
| | | |
| Trout | } | Other than Steelhead Trout may be taken with hook and line only from April 1st to December 1st. |
| | | |
| Steelhead Trout | } | May be taken with hook and line in tide water at any time. Sale prohibited from February 1st to May 1st. May be taken in tide water with 7½-inch mesh nets from May 1st to February 1st of the following year. |
| | | |
| Black Bass | } | May be taken with hook and line only from July 1st to January 1st. |
| | | |
| Striped Bass | } | Must not be taken of a weight less than three pounds, nor with nets of less than 7½-inch mesh. |
| | | |

Salmon	}	Must not be taken by seines between sunrise of Saturday and sunset of the following Sunday.
Shad		
Striped Bass		
Sturgeon		
Lobster	}	May be taken from July 15th to May 15th of the following year.
Crawfish		

Use or possession in field or marsh of a shotgun of larger caliber than 10-gauge prohibited.

Under the provisions of the County Government Act, the Board of Supervisors of each county may provide by ordinance for the further protection of game and fish than is given by the State law. This Act allows the several Boards to shorten the open season to any dates between those set by the General State law, but does not give them the power to lengthen it. The Supervisors may also prevent the sale of game in their respective counties or the transportation of the same.

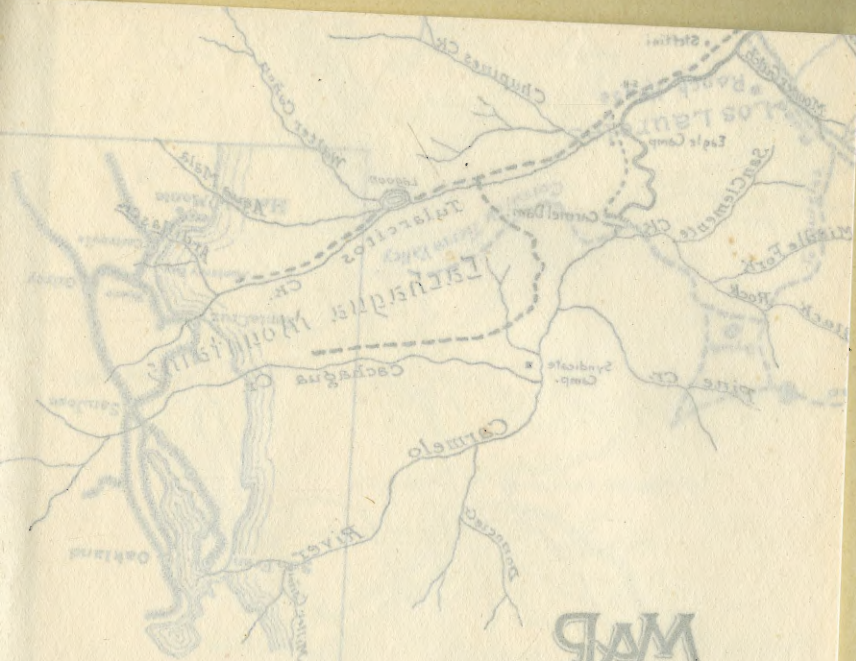
As many of the counties have passed such ordinances it will be well for sportsmen intending to visit different sections of the State to inform themselves regarding these facts.



Through the Oaks
Hotel del Monte

1897
 other game shown
 Locations where Deer, Quail, Duck and
 Adjacent Trout Streams and near by
 A Portion of the Bay of Monterey.
HOTEL DEL MONTE
 Showing Location of
 A Section of Monterey County

MAP
 OF



AGENCIES.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—349 Broadway and 1 Battery Place.
 EDWIN HAWLEY.....Assistant General Traffic Manager
 L. H. NUTTING.....Eastern Passenger Agent
BOSTON, MASS.—9 State Street.
 E. E. CURRIER.....New England Agent
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—109 South Third Street.
 R. J. SMITH.....Agent
BALTIMORE, MD.—209 East German Street.
 B. B. BARBER.....Agent
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—129 South Franklin Street.
 F. T. BROOKS.....New York State Agent
CHICAGO, ILL.—238 Clark Street.
 W. G. NEIMYER.....General Western Agent
BUFFALO, N. Y.—Room 220, Ellicott Square.
 W. J. BERG.....Traveling Passenger Agent
PITTSBURG, PA.—201 Telephone Building, 7th Ave.
 GEO. G. HERRING.....Commercial Agent
CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Chamber of Commerce Building.
 W. H. CONNOR.....Commercial Agent
ST. LOUIS, MO.—220 North Fourth Street.
 V. P. PRIMM.....Commercial Agent
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Exchange Building
 C. C. CARY.....Traveling Passenger Agent
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 H. B. ABBOTT.....City Passenger Agent
ATLANTA, GA.—18 Wall Street.
 W. R. FAGAN.....Traveling Passenger Agent
SAVANNAH, GA.—6 Bull Street.
 C. W. MURPHEY.....Traveling Passenger Agent
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
 G. W. ELY.....Traveling Passenger Agent
NASHVILLE, TENN.—4 Noel Block.
 R. O. BEAN.....Traveling Passenger Agent
HOUSTON, TEXAS.
 L. J. PARKS.....Assistant General Passenger Agent
 W. A. REINHARDT.....Traveling Passenger Agent
GALVESTON, TEXAS.
 J. R. CHRISTIAN.....Commercial Agent
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
 C. FAHEY.....Commercial Agent
EAGLE PASS, TEXAS.
 C. K. DUNLAP.....General Passenger and Ticket Agent M. I. Ry.
EL PASO, TEXAS.
 T. F. HUNT.....Commercial Agent
DENVER, COLO.—1112 Seventeenth Street.
 WM. K. McALLISTER.....General Agent
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—214 Dooly Block.
 D. R. GRAY.....General Agent
HELENA, MONTANA.
 E. A. STIEFEL.....Traveling Passenger Agent
TACOMA, WASH.—901 Pacific Avenue.
 THOS. A. GRAHAM.....District Passenger Agent
SEATTLE, WASH.—619 First Avenue
 THOS. A. GRAHAM.....District Passenger Agent
PORTLAND, ORE.
 J. B. KIRKLAND.....District Passenger Agent
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—229 South Spring Street.
 A. D. SHEPARD.....Assistant General Passenger Agent
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—613 Market Street.
 G. W. FLETCHER.....General Agent

